Zion in Distress:

Or, The sad and

Lamentable Complaint

OF

ZION

AND

Her Children.

Wherein are demonstrated the Causes of Her miserable Calamities, and Her Faith in God, touching her perfect Redemption, & the *latter Days Glory.*

Also shewing

The dreadful Controversie God hath with the Beast of *Rome*, and Mother of Harlots, and all Adversaries and Nations of the world for *Zion*'s sake.

Lam. 1. 12.

Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?

Vers. 17. *Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her.*

London, Printed in the Fatal Year.

THE AUTHOR To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

IF theſe enſuing illiterate and home-ſpun-Poems come to thy hand, let me crave this of thee, *viz.* Diligently and impartially to peruſe them; and do not cenſoriouſly judge, nor

prejudicially condemne the plain and ſimple-hearted Author thereof: Neither doe thou ſlight them becauſe of the lowneſs and meanneſs of the ſtile that they run in: But eſteem them rather for the honeſty of the matter, then for their Elegancy; more for their Vertue, than for the Variety of Scholaſtick Expreſſions. I never learned the Art of Rhetorick, nor courted the Univerſities. Neither have I ſtudied to deliver my ſelf in that ſtile that might tend either to the pleaſing of the Mind, Fancies, or vain Humours of any; nor to delight the Ear, but to affect

the

the Heart; not to ſtir up the Mind to Mirth, but to move the Soul to Mourn. And if, Courteous Reader, thou art a Chriſtian, one that art truly and really born from Above, of the free Woman, and brought up vertuouſly in the Heavenly Family; if ſo, I am perſwaded that I need not inforce many Arguments to induce thee to a kinde acceptance of what I preſent thee with, becauſe it treateth of the ſtate of Her whoſe Womb did bear thee, and whoſe Paps have ſpiritually giv'n thee ſuck. Shall thy dear Mother be in a miſerable languiſhing ſtate and condition, and not her own dear

Children incline with all diligence to her mournful Complaints? God forbid. If I have misrepresented the state of ZION this day, in any thing, I humbly crave pardon: I have writ according to the measure of Light received. The Subject is Divine, and I confess too high and good to be so low and badly handled; too worthy for such an unworthy VVorm to meddle with. Such as it is, I here present to you: I have, with *Mary*, done what I could; you must not expect a mans Head upon a Childs Shoulders. And if it prove acceptable in your eyes, I matter not how I and it are censured

ſured by others: It cannot ſpeed worſe then She doth for whoſe ſake I have writ theſe Lines. This onely I intreat of thee, Let *Zions* Captivity be thy Miſery, and never adde thou to her Afflictions: So ſhall I be thine for ever, in all Chriſtian Service.

Farewel.

Let Zealots carp at Homer, *if they will,*
And barke like Dogs, until they barke their (ſill:
True Proteſtants will not offended be;
'Tis onely Popiſh Imps will ſnarle at me.

TO

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

WHat Muſe is this doth thus poſſeſs thy brain,
That leads thy Genius to ſo high a ſtrain?
Muſt thy aſpiring thoughts needs now rehearſe
Thy Mothers Groans in ſuch a kind of dreſs?
What, Poet-like, thy ſelf deliver now?
Is Proſe too mean, to let the World know how
She is oppreſt by Rome's *black helliſh Crew,*
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavour proſper; let them prove
To be Rome's *ſhame: A Token of thy Love*
To thy diſtreſſed Mother, (now the ſcorn
Of black-mouth'd Imps, the Sons of Satan born.)
Aſpiring Soul! What from her Sorrows clime
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rime!
Fore-telling how ſhe ſhall delivered be (ſee
From all thoſe Bloody-Hounds, whom thou do'ſt
God will deſtroy; and will thy Mother make
Heavens Glory & Earths Joy, for his Name ſake.
Jehovah *bleſs thy work, this Book, though ſmall,*
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's *Fall.*

Vale.

ZION IN DISTRESS:

OR,

The Sad and Lamentable Complaint of *Zion* and Her Children.

Zion's Sons.

ATtend all People, hearken and draw near:
What doleful noise is that sounds in my ear?
Methinks I hear a very dismal Cry,
Like one that doth lament most bitterly;
And by the mournful voice that I do hear,
Some VVoman is in great distress, I fear.
The more I mind this Cry, and do give heed,
The more my heart is pierc'd and made to bleed:
O how I thirst to know who this should be,
That makes my Soul to grieve and sigh in me!
A Person of great Honour and Descent,
Doubtless this VVoman is, that doth lament;
Highly descended; born she's from above;
Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Father's Love:
Espoused to a Prince of high degree;
For King of kings, and Lord of lords is He.
Alas, alas, poor *Zion!* Is it thou?
O mourn my Soul, and let my Spirit bow:
Let all that love the Bridegroom, mourn for grief;
For *Zion* weeps, as one past all Relief.

But

But why, O *Zion*, lov'd of the most High,
Dost thou lament and mourn so bitterly?

ZION.

Ah! poor I am, mean, low, and desolate;
And few there be that pity my estate:
A long time I have in the VVilderness
VVander'd about in sore and great distress;
Hiding my self from the Beasts furious rage,
And there have been until this very Age:
And having lately look'd a little out,
Again he spy'd me, and doth search about:
For to destroy me 'tis his full intent,
Or drive me back again his mind is bent:
No rest nor peace to me or mine he'll give,
Declaring that we are not fit to live.
The Dragon too, hath with this Beast combin'd
To spoil both me and mine, when Us they find.
Th' old Lion, Lioness, and Lions-VVhelp,
Come out against me, other Beasts to help.
Dogs, Bulls, and Bears, and VVolves do all agree
To rend and tear, and make a spoil of me.
O that e'er I, so delicately bred,
And my dear Babes, at the Kings Table fed,
Should be this day as one even quite cast out,
And they as Sheep now scatter'd round about.
Now to deliver me, there's none dare venter;
The Truth would fain, but knows not how to enter:
And Justice that is made to stand far off;
VVhilst I become the Object of mens scoff.
Zion am I, that no man doth regard;
Mens hearts against me now are grown so hard:
Hurl'd to and fro, and tost as with the wind;
And not one Dram of Comfort can I find.
My Children, which both young and tender are,
The fierce looks of these Beasts do greatly scare.

And

And ſome they ſeiz upon as their own Prey,
And them into their Dens do bear away ;
Where they are kept in ſore captivity,
Mourning for me, and their extremity ;
Who for Chriſt Jeſus ſake, with much content,
Do from their Foes indure all puniſhment :
For they in Priſon rather chuſe to lie,
Then to obtain, by ſin, their liberty.
The ſpoiling of their Goods with joy they take,
Before they will the Lord of Life forſake ;
Or to be ſent out of their native Soyl,
Before they will their Conſciences defile ;
Or otherwiſe to ſuffer or be ſlain,
Than to expoſe the Goſpel to diſdain.
Theſe are the Souls I love, I love moſt dear,
Who for the Goſpels ſake expoſed are
To all thoſe troubles I before did tell,
That they with Chriſt for evermore might dwell :
But O that men ſhould ever be ſo blind,
Who lived have where Goſpel-Light hath ſhin'd,
My Children dear thus for to perſecute,
Becauſe they can't Gods holy Name polute !
If they were caſt amongſt the Turks or Jews,
Doubtleſs they would not them ſo badly uſe,
As ſome of mine have been within this Nation,
For witneſſing againſt abomination.
Ah ! Wo is me ! for this is a ſad time ;
Now Godlineſs is counted for a Crime :
The Goſpel now, poor Souls, you muſt not preach ;
For of their Laws, they ſay it is a breach ;
Nor meet together in Chriſts holy Name,
But to the Goal you muſt go for the ſame :
If you do venture once more and again,
Then Baniſhment or Death muſt be your pain.
Alas poor Souls ! If this falls to your lot,
'Twill be for good : Don't care for it a jot.

Though

Though I cannot forbear to grieve and mourn,
That you thus dealt with are, whom I have born;
Yet I had rather you ſhould chuſe to die,
Than any of you ſhould your Lord deny.
But I lament, and greatly, for all thoſe
Who out of Ignorance do you oppoſe;
Who ſhall ere long be brought in unto me,
For whom in pain I travel till it be.
But there are thouſands more within this Land,
Who with the Beaſt are like to fall or ſtand.
I do grieve alſo, and that very ſore,
Becauſe the Goſpel wants an open Door;
Inſtead whereof, a piece of ſtuff is read,
Whereby poor Souls in no wiſe can be fed,
No better than the Body of a man
Can nouriſh'd be with Huſks, or Chaff, or Bran:
Which my Beloved never did compoſe,
Nor ever on poor men at all impoſe;
But the Inventions are of mens own Brain,
O that therefore all would it much diſdain.
They to impoſe it, think it Policy,
To keep themſelves in ſafe ſecurity:
Thus *Jeroboam* too, by his great ſin,
Thought with himſelf in ſafety to have bin.
Gods Threſhold is digg'd down by wicked hands,
And in its room another Threſhold ſtands:
But hark! methinks I hear my Foes a hiſſing,
As if ſome of my Sons of late were miſſing:
O let me mourn, as well indeed I may,
For thoſe dear Sons I loſt the other day:
But not becauſe they're to their Father gone,
For ſo they're out o'th' ſtorm that's coming on;
But rather 'cauſe they might have uſeful been
To me, if God t'have ſpar'd them good had ſeen:
And alſo 'cauſe the Enemy doth boaſt
Saying, *Your Expectation is quite loſt.*

My

My very heart is pierced, whilſt they ſay,
Where is the God to whom ſo oft you pray?
For they having eſcap'd his mighty hand,
Reſolv'd to make more ſtrong my heavy band.
They do blaſpheme, ſwear, curſe, and domineer,
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.
But to return, and of my great loſs ſpeak,
This thing doth cauſe my very heart to ake;
For I do fear ſome did theſe idolize,
As others to their worth did not them prize:
Offended doubtleſs is my righteous God,
That he hath ſtruck me with his heavy Rod;
And yet my Children they do not agree
That do remain, nor live in unity.
Alas, I ſee that love doth much decline
Even ev'ry day, in theſe poor Babes of mine:
Striſes and debates amongſt them are ſo high,
They envy one another piteouſly:
They grieve themſelves in this, and me alſo;
And unto Chriſt and Truth much wrong they do.
O that they all were once but as one man,
How would the Goſpel ſpread and flouriſh then!
But ah! this Rod their Judgements han't inform'd,
Nor yet their Converſation reform'd;
For ſome there are, that walk but carnally,
And little mind the ſtroke of the moſt High:
Alas with theſe it will go very bad,
Whom frowns nor ſmiles will turn, nor yet the Rod.
O mourn, my Children; you have not done well,
The Voice within this Rod doth plainly tell.
O mourn and weep, I ſay; cry bitterly:
For I, your Mother, weep, lament, and cry:
Your Father loves you dear, and ſo do I;
In love h'hath ſmitten you aſſuredly:
It's doubtleſſy to purge your Souls from ſin,
Which you of late have much abounded in.

And

And if that you your Ways do not amend,
Some greater Judgement ſurely God will ſend:
Beſides the great reproach you bring to me,
My dawning Glory you will hardly ſee.
The day is dark that I have lived in;
And here of late much darker it hath been:
Thick Clouds do hide the glorious gliſtering Skies,
Some miſts or fogs do ſhade or blind my Eyes.
Becauſe the day abides of my diſtreſs,
Some Children fall now in the Wilderneſs,
Who murmur in their hearts againſt the Lord,
That *Canaan* to them he doth not afford.
Alas, I ſhall be thin, before that I
Be ready for that bleſſed Liberty:
And ſome there are that ſeemingly do feed
Amongſt my Sheep, of whom I would be freed;
For though that they are called by my Name,
Yet they do cauſe it for to ſuffer ſhame:
Some Truths of Chriſt indeed theſe do profeſs,
But not his ſaving Grace and Life poſſeſs:
I never brought them forth; they are not mine:
Do thou, O *Hagar*, own them; for they're thine:
After the Fleſh they're born, and ſo do walk;
Though of the Spirit they do ſometimes talk.
The day draws near when ſuch ſhall be afraid,
All Hypocrites in me ſhall be diſmaid.
For ſuch I therefore now do greatly grieve,
Becauſe that they do thus their Souls deceive.
When the Bridegroom doth to his Chamber come,
Theſe in that glorious Place will finde no room;
But they muſt go into eternal Pain,
If quickly now they are not born again.
Thus do I ſpend my days in grief and care,
Becauſe ſo few the mighty GOD do fear.
Though fearful Judgements he doth oft times ſend,
It's not his Word nor Works will make them bend;

Nor

Nor minde the operation of his hand;
They slight strange Prodigies by Sea and Land;
Which of great Ruines are a plain symptom,
That from the God of Vengeance soon will come:
For greater Judgements there are still behind,
The Truth of which you all shall quickly find.

ZION's SONS.

O how can we this Lamentation bear?
Or patiently this doleful mourning bear?
That our dear Mother should take on her thus;
Our hearts are pain'd, our Spirits fayl in us.
Whence comes that Beast of whom thou hast complain'd?
What is he, and how long hath he thus raign'd?

ZION.

From Hell beneath, this Monster did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* you may read:
He is the Little Horn, the Man of Sin,
Above twelve hundred years my Foe hath bin.
Once he receiv'd, I know, a deadly wound,
But for the same a cure he since hath found;
And being heal'd, he glories in his power,
As if he would me presently devour.

ZION's SONS.

Shall we arise against this Beast of Prey,
To rescue thee, and take his strength away,
Who hath so long time been thine Enemy,
Ruling o'er thee and thine in cruelty?
Or shall he ever reign and domineer,
As he hath done, without controul or fear?

ZION.

No, stay a while; I shall deliver'd be
From his fierce wrath, and cruel tyranny.

When the set time is come, I fully know
I shall deliver'd be, as Truth doth show;
For he that sitteth in the Heavens doth scorn
At this great Rebel; for his Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall surely reign, because it is his due:
For God hath promis'd that his Son shall have
The Crown, the Kingdom, and the Scepter brave:
Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhorr'd
His Name, shall pay him homage, as their Lord:
To JESUS all shall bow; he shall be King,
And to poor *Zion* shall Redemption bring.
Wherefore my Children, I do say again,
Do you not stir; he hath some time to reign
Him to destroy, it is beyond your skill;
Your Wisdom and your Strength is to sit still,
Till his long months be out, yea, the last hour,
None can consume or take away his power.
To suffer still it is for me appointed,
Till some to do this Work shall be anointed
With Gods good Spirit, that most holy Oyl;
And then they shall this cruel Beast quite foyl.
Your present work is therefore for to pray,
To be prepared for that blessed Day.
Be therefore ready, for the time draws near
When he shall fall; of this you need not fear.
But since I see you active fain would be,
Revenge your selves, I give you liberty,
On one which a long time my Foe hath bin;
If you would know his name you shall, 'tis Sin;
Arise now, kill and slay; upon him fall;
A worser Foe I've not among them all.
Spare not; it's he which always doth oppose
Both you and I, and all that with Christ close.
Until he is bear down, I shall not rise,
Nor be deliver'd from my Enemies.

Because

Because of Sin my very heart doth ake,
And much of this complaint doth therefore make,
For it is Sin, together with the Devil,
That is the cause of all my present evil.
O strive against them in Gods holy power,
And give no place to them not for an hour.
Besides them and the Beast, there is the Whore,
Some wrongs I must impute unto her score;
For she doth call my Children *Hereticks*,
Phanaticks, also, for by such her tricks
She keeps the World in such blindness, that so
There's very few that do my Children know:
She takes from them their Souls most precious food,
Because they can't partake with her vile brood:
Besides, of her I have cause to complain,
For she hath many of my Children slain;
She makes the Beast to run at me, and roar,
And with his Horns oft-times my Sides to goar.
She hath some Brats too, cloath'd in black & white,
Which strike at me this day, with all their might;
But amongst all her cursed hellish Train,
None shall speed worse then they, when she is slain.

ZION's SONS.

Mother, What Whore is that? for she shall rue:
Hath she so many of our Brethren slew?
Let Vengeance be on her, Gods Saints do cry,
Whose Deaths are precious in their Father's Eye:
Though she hath taken our good Name from us,
Let her not think she shall escape it thus.
We do esteem our Names as precious Oyl,
Which she hath labour'd so much to defile.
I know whom she should be, we do think long,
She hath known all done thus much wrong.

ZION.

She is great *Babylon*, of whom you've read,
Which owns not Christ in truth to be her Head.
This is that Romish Antichristian Harlot,
Who for long time hath sat bedeck'd in Scarlet,
Upon the Beast which from the Sea did rise,
Whose Fore-head's spread with Names of Blaspheme;
Who with the golden Cup that's in her hand, (nies;
Invites the Rich and Noble of the Land;
For to commit the Sin of Fornication,
Which to the Lord is great abomination.
And now because that I abhor this Sin,
She to this day my Enemy hath been;
And makes the Mighty Ones me to oppress,
For laying open her great wickedness.

ZION's SONS.

Shall we arise? Why should this wicked Whore
Blaspheme our God, or wrong us any more?
She glories, and doth live deliciously:
Both God, his Christ, and Us, she doth defie.
And more then this, she thousands doth annoy;
Both Souls and Bodies too, she doth destroy.
She stretcheth forth her hand; and still doth crave
Poor Innocents, that them she might inslave.
Yea, to the whole World she has done such wrong,
We her abhor more then the stinking Dung.
Shall we now fill to her in the same Cup
That she hath fill'd to us for to drink up?
Yea double to her double, saith Gods Word;
No mercy unto her at all afford.
Shall we arise, O *Zion*, full of ire,
To eat her Flesh, and burn her in the fire?

ZION.

You instrumental in this work shall be;
Your Brother *John* long time since told it me.
Esay also, and *Jeremy* before,
Did clearly show you should destroy this Whore.
And I perceive you this do understand,
Which comforts me too, on the other hand:
You are enlightned with the Angels Glory,
As it hath been fore-told in sacred Story.
As for my Children who before did live,
Light from this Angel they could not receive.
But you, my Sons, brought forth in these last days,
Great things shall do, though many it gain-says.
And you, I see, are earnest for to know
The time when you this Whore shall overthrow:
And I can't blame you in this very thing,
Because great Glory to me it will bring:
The Gospel too, over the world shall spread,
And men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread:
And Gospel-Freedom you shall then enjoy,
No Popish Prelate you shall more annoy:
Nor shall the Locusts of you make a prey,
Because that Tythes to them you cannot pay.
Those wicked Fiends of Hell shall then no more
Have power for to sting and hurt the poor:
They shall be cast with shame, as 'tis most fit,
Into that dismal, dark and smoaking pit:
Thither they shall, I say, with wrath be turn'd,
And with those lasting Flames they shall be burn'd.
But to reply to what you have enquir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd;
To make attempts you ought for to desie,
Till strength be given from the Lord on high.
You now within the streets do lie for dead,
Not knowing yet now to lift up your head;

But you shall then appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive.
God hath (I know) set down the time exact,
When he'll begin his strange and dreadful Act,
To the amazement of your Enemies,
When God shall call his Mighty ones to rise:
And from the Heav'ns you then shall hear a Voice,
The which shall cause your Souls for to rejoyce;
And that will be to you so dear a call,
That you straight way shall on this Trumpet fall.
Wait now with patience therefore on the Lord,
Until his saving strength he doth afford;
And make to him always your supplication,
For from him onely is my expectation.
O sigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And send strong cries up to his gracious Throne;
Do you give him no rest, until he hath
Made me the only Praise of all the Earth:
And I'll lift up my Voice to God on high,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry:
O Lord, my Lord, consider my estate;
Let me remain no longer desolate.
Am I not dear and precious in thy sight?
My sad Complaint do thou not therefore slight;
But let thy Bowels now towards me move,
For sure I am thou dost me dearly love;
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy precious Blood,
And nothing thou hast thought for me too good.
Lord, though I sinned have, do thou forgive,
And let my Children dear in concord live:
Teach them all truly to know thee, O Lord,
And worship thee in peace, with one accord.
Let not the wicked of me make a spoil,
Who Thee abhor, and Me esteem most vile.
Thou dost cast down, and raise up; wound and cure;
And nothing is to hard for thee, I'm sure.

Thou

Thou knowst my grief, there's nothing hid from thee
Arise, O Lord, for to deliver me.
Long time between the Serpent vile and me,
Thou know'st there has been bitter Enmity;
Above five thousand years h'hath bruis'd my Heel,
And I this day that grievous sore do feel:
Thou hast declar'd, O Lord, my Seed shall break
His cursed Head; for thou wilt Vengance take
On this vile Serpent, and his cursed Seed,
Which first did wound my Heel, and made it bleed.
But when, O Lord? Is not the time yet come,
That thou wilt put an end to his Kingdom?
In *Achor's* Valley open thou a Door,
And make me sing, as once I did before.
O do thou break the bonds of my distress,
And bring me, Lord, out of this Wilderness:
Let me break forth, like to the Sun most bright,
And as an Army terrible in sight.
O take away the Vail that covers me,
And these thick Clouds, that I may clearly see
What is thy mind in this thy Dispensation,
And know the work of this my Generation.
It's time for thee, O Lord to plead my Cause,
For wicked men make void thy Righteous Laws.
Obedience to their Law, they say is Reason;
Thine to obey, they make as bad as Treason.
Lord where thou sittest, thou dost see and hear
That in their shame they glory without fear:
Thy fearful Judgements they do not regard,
But sin the more, their Hearts are grown so hard:
Judgements deserv'd, in sin doth make them bold,
Scorning in their vile course to be control'd;
As if thy dreadful hand their Lives did spare,
To sin against thee without fear or care;
Saying within their hearts, We are past by,
To serve our Lusts, in all Iniquity.

Thinking that God who doth forbear to strike,
Of them and their debauched ways doth like:
Or else as if some interposing Cloud
From Gods all-searching-Eye could be a shroud:
Supposing that thy Seat is so on high,
That thou their sinful doings canst not spy:
Or that since thou their Judgments hast delay'd,
Thou'lt do it still; they are no whit afraid.
Thus they thy blessed patience do abuse,
And true Repentance wickedly refuse;
Whereby they do unto themselves procure (dure;
Great wrath from Heaven, which they shall sure en-
And fit themselves for the great day of slaughter,
When into sorrow shall be turn'd their laughter.
Thy sev'n last plagues thou wilt pour forth on them,
Because they do both Grace and Truth contemn.
And how canst thou with them so long forbear,
Who to thy face thee scornfully do dare?
Saying, Make speed, that we thy work may see,
And know thy Counsel, whatsoe'er it be.
Is not their sinful Cup fill'd to the top,
That thou mightst off these mighty Cedars lop?
Cut down these Trees, O Lord, but spare thy Vine,
Which thou amongst the Trees hast chose for thine.
Make that, O God, to flourish and be green,
And fruitful, as before time it hath been.
Thou brought'st this Vine from *Egypt* heretofore;
From thence, Lord, bring it our again once more:
Make room for it to root, the Land to fill;
The Boughs the roof, let shade the highest Hill.
From Sea to Sea let her her Branches send,
And from all wrongs her graciously defend.
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, which like a Wall,
Secure and safe should keep her now from all
Those wild Beasts of the field, with the wild Boar,
Who to devour and waste will ne'er give o'er.

Visit

Visit thy Vine, O Lord; do thou behold
That which thou plant'st and prisedst more then gold
Do they not burn and of it make a spoil?
And thou dost hide thy face too all this while.
Who is this Vine, but me whom thou hast chose?
Both *Vine*, and *Lily*, and thy *Sharon Rose*.
I am thy Love, Dove, Undefiled One;
Why dost thou then let me be trod upon?
By thy own Grace, I am made thus to thee;
Consider now therefore my misery:
For I am scorch'd and burnt in grievous pain;
And shall I never more thy Love obtain?
Hast thou withdrawn thy self for evermore?
And will these days of Sorrow ne'er be o'er?
O I am wounded, and in bitter smart!
Sure it's not long ere these will break my heart.

ZION'S SONS.

Mourn, mourn, O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth bewail;
And weep, ye Saints, until your Spirits fail:
For she that is the Glory of the Earth,
Most High and Mighty, and of precious Birth,
Lies sadly weltring almost in despair;
Her grievous sorrows no Tongue can declare.
And now, my Brethren, come, I pray, come hither;
And in Gods fear let us confer together;
Doth not Grief seiz on you, my Brethren dear?
Doth not your hearts dissolve into a tear?
Doth not your eyes like to a fountain run?
Doth not all Joy now into Mourning turn?
Doth not your sleep also from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you, or are you not in bitterness,
Because of Zion, and her sore distress?
How can our hearts delight in things below?
How can we sleep in peace as others do?

How

How can we comfort have, or comfort find:
Or how can we the Worlds concernments mind?
How can we eat or drink with Hearts content,
And not with Grief poor Zion's state lament?
Because that our dear Mother is a crying;
She sighs and sobs, as if she were a dying:
She languisheth, and is in bitter pain,
And in this state all do her much disdain:
She is reproach'd by every drunken Sot,
Being cast out, like to a broken Pot:
She is despis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard of her makes his dayly Song.
But I will turn, and will expostulate
The case with Zion, touching her estate;
Why art thou sometimes up, then down again?
Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain:
They're doubtless throes; chear up, and do not fear;
Deliverance, dear Soul, is very near:
And though thy throes and pains should now give o'er,
Don't fear, thou shalt not die; One or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
Hast travel'd with in bitter pangs till now.
O cry to God, thy Midwife he will be;
For I am sure he will deliver thee:
He is the God that brings unto the Birth,
He also 'tis that gives strength to bring forth.
O stay thy self upon thy blessed Lord,
His gracious strength he will to thee afford:
Upon his Promises do thou depend,
And thou shalt see deliverance at the end.

ZION.

Alas poor Hearts! my God hath me forsook,
My sighs he doth not mind, nor on me look;
To pity me he hath now quite forgot;
His anger's kindled, and his wrath is hot:

It

It burneth sore against me; let me mourn;
For I am sorely spoiled, rent and torn:
Like to a Ship with raging tempests tos'd,
That suffers Shipwrack, ready to be lost.
Ah wo is me, that ever I did sin,
And so unfaithful to my God have bin!
How beautiful and comely once was I
Like to a Pearl in his most blessed Eye:
I could not speak, but he would answer me,
But now I lie in sore captivity.
I cry and call, but he doth stop his Ear,
And answers not, as if he had no care
Of me; but I will prove him once again,
And not give over till I do obtain:
Of Bowels he is full, and can't refrain
His anger, but will ease me of my pain.
O Lord, I come; I come again to thee;
O pardon, Lord, and do thou pity me:
For when I said I was of thee forsaken,
I see that I therein was much mistaken;
For I engraven am upon thy hand,
And in thy sight for evermore shall stand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay;
My Sorrows are so great, O say not nay.
Hear me, dear Jesus, unto thee I cry;
My Heart doth bleed: O save me, or I die.

CHRIST.

In Heav'n where I do sit in Majesty,
A Voice sounds in mine Ears continually;
And now of late much louder it doth cry:
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
And doubtless 'tis the voice of her I love,
My Bowels in me do so greatly move;
I will therefore to her now faithful prove
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Alas,

Alas, poor Heart, thy mournful voice I hear;
And will come down to help; be of good chear;
For thou art precious to me, and most dear.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Go to; for all thy sorrows I well know,
And will deliver thee from them also;
And will again th' *Egyptians* overthrow.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

I AM THAT I AM, that is still my Name,
The proudest of thy Foes shall know the same;
And they shall never more put thee to shame.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

In thy afflictions, great distress, and pain,
Of which thou dost so grievously complain,
I am afflicted, and made grieve again.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

For all the hurts and wrongs they do to thee,
I take as if they did them all to me;
And this indeed ere long they all shall see.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

It was for thee that I did bleed and die;
I love thee as the Apple of mine Eye:
Fear not thou then thy proudest Enemy.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Although, 'tis true, thou in their hands are now;
Yet Power's mine, and Wisdom: I know how
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

And I will rise now in great Jealousie,
To shew my Power and great Soveraignty,
And make them to the Rocks and Hills to fly.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

The Day of Vengeance now is in my minde,
And where to hide themselves they shall not find,
Though with the Powers of Hel they have comb in'd.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Thy

Thy Controversie throughly I will plead,
And will bring down each high and lofty Head;
The Mighty Ones like Mortar I will tread.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Though silent for a long time I have stood,
I'll be reveng'd for all the righteous Blood,
That hath run down, like to a mighty Flood.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Though Judgement on them I did long delay,
Yet what is due to Justice they shall pay;
And but a little longer will I stay.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

For now besides the wrongs thou dost repeat,
The Martyrs blood doth loudly me entreat;
I will come forth therefore in fury great.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

I will perform my strange and dreadful Acts,
And thou before me very strong shalt wax;
For I'll make thee to be my Battle-Axe.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Thy Horn shall Iron be, and thy Hoof Brass,
With which thou shalt beat down the Serpents Race;
And quickly will I bring this thing to pass.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Thy Sons that scattered are, the Earth throughout,
I will soon gather them, do thou not doubt,
And bring them forth too, with a mighty shout.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

The Mighty they shall overcome with Slings,
The Nobles also, and the Heathen Kings,
With Fetters they shall binde, and such-like things.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

O thou who art with raging tempests tost,
Without all comfort, ready to be lost;
Thy expectation shall not long be crost.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

I'll lay thy Stones with colours fair and fure,
And thy Foundations shall be Saphirs pure,
Which shall indeed for evermore endure.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
For a small time I have forsaken thee,
But with great mercy thou shalt gather'd be;
And from all bondage I will set thee free.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
I'll turn my hand upon the bloody Whore,
And will not now afflict thee any more.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
Because thou dost my holy name profess,
I will establish thee in Righteousness,
And break in pieces them that thee oppress.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
I will come down also from Heaven above,
And will from thee oppression far remove; (prove.
'Gainst thee no Weapon form'd, shall prosp'rous
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
Thy Children too, shall all be taught of me;
Also great peace for ever there shall be,
And I'll bring in the Gentiles unto thee.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
Though many do thee grievously deride,
Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side,
And to thy Seed the whole Earth will divide,
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
For I did promise them, I do confess,
That they should fully all the World possess;
And I'll perform it now in Righteousness
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
I will come now unto my holy Hill,
The Heathen at my presence shall be still;
The Earth with Knowledge I will also fill.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

Exalted

Exalted I shall be, and sit on high,
Above all earthly Kings in Majesty;
And thou shalt reign with me triumphantly,
Sing therefore Hallelujah.
All Kingdoms of the Earth shall now be mine,
And then be sure that they shall all be thine,
And thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine.
Sing therefore Hallelujah.

ZION.

O matchless Grace, and Love beyond degree!
Now am I sure there is none like to thee.
In Heaven nor Earth, were there ten thousand more,
For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.
By thee I ravish'd am, O thou most High:
O how my Spirit and my Soul doth cry
To thee, O Lord, by whose enlarged Grace,
My Heart's enlarg'd to run the blessed Race.
Thou shalt me lead unto thy living Springs,
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagle's Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's Desire,
Where I thy glory great may much admire:
And then will I descend down from above,
To be imbraced in the Arms of Love:
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go;
For by the loss of thee, what grievous wo
Did I sustain? O what great misery!
Thou hidst thy face, and troubled sore was I.
Thee having, though nought else, what have I not?
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?
Lord, having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be;
All things are nothings when compar'd with thee:
I am thy portion, Lord, though didst me chuse;
And thou my portion art, I'll ne'er refuse.

But

But thou, O God, shalt be my Heritage;
Thou art a God of Grace from age to age:
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee;
For thou, O God, my hiding place shalt be.
In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy holy Name retreat;
Which is a Tower strong to all that fly
With care and speed, from their iniquity.
Thou light in darkness art, and joy in grief;
Though I in trouble am, thou send'st relief:
When I am down, thou lift'st me up on high;
And I thy Name, O God, will magnifie.
And with much patience I will undergo
Thy indignation, Lord, for well I know
That I have sinn'd against thy holy Name,
And therefore 'tis that I do suffer shame.
And though this day I am but low and mean,
Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;
Yet for my good I know that thou wilt make it;
And with content I therefore now will take it;
And will wait on thee till thou dost arise
To break in pieces all our Enemies.
My precious Cause then I will leave with thee;
Which thou, O Lord, wilt doubtless plead for me.
Thy Voice, great God, is to my Soul so sweet,
I am reviv'd, and set upon my feet:
O I can sing, in hopes of what I see,
Thou hast, O Lord, laid Blessings up for me.
And now, O Whore, that art my bitter Foe,
My day is near, I would have thee to know:
My God han't me forsook, for he will now
Set me on high, and make thee for to bow,
And shalt with shame cover thy filthy Head,
Whilst I in triumph shall upon thee tread.
Because so long thou hast upon me trod,
And in contempt hast said, Where is thy God?

He.

He will therefore in right retaliate,
And bring just Judgements down upon thy pate.

BABYLON.

Zion, thy self mistake thou dost;
The Day will still be mine;
Wherefore then dost thou proudly boast,
As if it would be thine?

I for my Wounds have got a Cure;
At ease I am, and well:
I very safe am, and secure;
And so I know shall dwell.

My Glory is return'd to me,
Which I had lost indeed:
No Widowhood more shall I see,
From sorrow I am freed.

A Queen I am, so shall remain,
And have my Pleasures still:
For so long as my Lord doth raign,
I can do what I will.

For he doth me most dearly love;
And mighty strength has he;
All other Lords he is above,
They all his servants be.

He is the chief in all the Earth,
And sits in Peter's Chair:
The Keys of Hell and Death he hath,
And is past all compare.

The Dragon, from whence did derive
His power, strength and seat,

2 15 11

Thee to the Wilderness did drive,
There for to seek thy meat.

And they have got the same pow'r still:
Who dares make war with them?
To spoil them, is beyond the skill
Of all that them condemn.

One Emperor, and also Kings,
Love me, as doth appear:
My name in every Court so rings,
Ruine I do not fear.

My Sons, likewise, are Noble men,
For Dukes and Lords they be;
They will secure me alwayes, when
Great dangers they do see.

Their Honours, and their Riches too,
From me they have them all;
They know they should them lose also,
If ever I should fall.

The Lawyers too, and Priests, I know,
Dear Children to me are,
To keep me from an overthrow,
Their lives they will not spare.

The Merchants, yea, and thousands more,
Will all lend me their hand;
Certain, I am, from hence therefore,
Secure I long shall stand.

And thus thou clearly may'st behold,
What strength is on my side;

And although I am now grown old,
With glory I shall ride.

And as for God, the Lord most high,
He hath spar'd me so long;
It doth love me assuredly,
And will do me no wrong.

Falsly accus'd am I therefore,
As if God did mean me,
When he speaks of the wicked Whore,
That shall destroyed be.

'Tis some one else, that God doth mean;
His Church, in truth, am I,
Red from all sin, I am wash'd clean:
Thy speech I do defie.

ZION.

Leave off, leave off, 'tis thou, O bloody Whore,
Do not thou think, thou shalt for evermore
Thus dominere, in pomp and wicked pride:
For God, ere long, thy Rulers will divide;
Those mighty ones, in whom are all thy trust,
Long shall not hold, but into pieces must
Be surely broken; this thou soon shalt see:
Here, here, begins thy bitter misery.
Those that did love thee most, will hate thee so,
That they will seek thy utter overthrow;
As was their love, their hatred now will be,
And to destroy thee, they will all agree:
For thou hast them inslav'd unto thy lust,
Whilst they, like simple ones, in no wise durst
Offend, or cross, thy vile and bloody mind,
For they have been bewitch't, they now will find;

By thy alluring Voice, and lustful Eye,
To joyn with thee in all iniquity.
Thy flatteries shall them no more deceive,
Nor thy base Whoredoms thousands more bereave
Of inward Good, and outward Riches, so
As they have been to their eternal wo.
They then shall see thy vile and ill intent,
In setting them against the Innocent.
To satisfie thy lust and base desire,
Their sinful Hearts, alas, were set on fire:
And through the provocation of the Devil,
Have yeilded to commit such horrid Evil,
That there's no Pen can write, no Tongue declare,
What things were acted almost every where.
For throughout *Europe*, either more or less,
There hath been wrought indeed such wickedness;
Which surely would cause Hearts of Stone to melt,
When they consider what my Children felt,
And did indure from savage Tyrants great,
Who cruelly those tender Lambs did treat;
More then did ever the blood-thirsty Turk:
Which Tyrants thou didst always set on work.
Some hints of which, here briefly doth insue,
Which I shall now present unto your view.
And what at this time I lay to thy Charge,
I'll briefly speak, and shall not much enlarge:
For men have writ great Volumns, thou dost know,
Which of thy cruelties do largely show.
Thou hast all men oppress in every Age;
But ever more thy spiteful Hellish rage
Was always set against my Children dear,
Who could not to thy wicked ways adhere.
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies;
And the worst torments that thou couldst devise
Thou madst them suffer, storie plainly shows;
Some thou didst hang by th' Head, some by the Toes.

And

And thouſands thou didſt burn, and broil on Coals,
And others ſtarve to death in ſtinking holes.
Some thou didſt cut to pieces very ſmall,
And Infants Brains were daſh'd againſt the Wall,
On Bodies of the Saints thou trod'ſt like dung;
Thou ſpard'ſt no Sex, neither the old nor young.
By thy curs'd Crew Women were raviſhed;
And after cruelly were knock'd o'th' Head.
Some had their Eys and Tongues by thee pull'd out,
Some hatborleſs were made, and forc'd about
To wander, and in Woods and Caves to lie,
Until their days were ſpent in miſery.
Thouſands were famiſh'd ſo, till forc'd to eat
Worms, Frogs & Toads, and Spiders for their meat.
Thy Cruelties all People may admire,
Thou haſt poor Children forced to ſet fire
To that ſame Wood in which their Parents dear,
By burning Flames conſum'd to Aſhes were.
By cruel Maſſacres were thouſands ſlain,
Who did endure the moſt inhumane pain
That Biſhops, Monks, and Fryars could deviſe;
Whoſe Blood aloud to God for Vengeance cries.
What precious Blood was ſhed in *Italy*,
In *Spain* alſo, yea and in *Germany*?
How were the *Merindolians* put to death?
For Cruelties were e'er the like on Earth?
The Maſſacres in *Piedmont* were ſad;
And many more in *France* there were as bad.
As for *Spain's* Inquiſition-Cruelties,
And of thoſe many horrid miſeries
That they invented for Religions ſake,
'Twould fill a Volumn ſhould I them relate:
But I'll forbear to ſpeak of them at large,
And leave them to the day wherein the charge
Of all the Righteous Blood that hath been ſhed,
Shall come with Vengeance down upon the Head

Of all thy proud and perſecuting crew,
That ſtudied have, the Righteous to undoe;
The precious blood, which wicked hands did ſpil
In *Ireland*, I do remember ſtill;
Thou there didſt play a very cruel part,
Poor innocents were there ſtob'd to the heart;
Yea grievous tortures thoſe poor Lambs did bear,
Becauſe they would not buy thy Popiſh ware.
But to come nearer home, within this Land,
How many bleſſed Saints, at thy command,
Were cruelly to aſhes burnt at Stake,
Becauſe God's Truth they no wiſe durſt forſake?
As in the *Marian* dayes; ye, and before;
I dare not ſay that yet thou haſt giv'n o're,
And haſt forgot to make attempts again;
For I do clearly ſee, there doth remain
The ſelf-ſame Spirit; hadſt thou but the power,
Both me, and mine, thou quickly wouldſt devour:
For ſecretly, I do perceive, this day,
Thy *Romiſh* Ruffins, like to Beaſts of prey,
Do now contrive, and privately deſign
To work the ruine both of me and mine.
Will not thoſe horrid wretched cruelties
That thou haſt done, thy raging luſt ſuffice?
Why thou art drunk already, and doſt reel,
And yet thou cryeſt, *O give, O give me ſtill*
The blood of Hereticks, that I may drink,
O fill my Cup up to the very brink.
'Tis full, O Whore, for this I clearly ſee,
All precious blood the Lord doth charge on thee,
That e'er was ſhed, from Righteous *Abels* daies,
'Tis ſtill all be found in thee, the Scripture ſaies.
O ſhameleſs, vile, and wretched bloody Whore!
Haſt drunk ſo much, & wouldſt thou yet have more?
What blood of Prophets and Apoſtles too,
Of Chriſt, the Lord, whom thou haſt alſo ſlew?

And since those dayes, hast many millions slain;
Whose Blood, and Souls, do to the Lord complain
For Righteous Judgements to be pour'd on thee,
For all thy vile and bloody cruelty.
Prepare thy self for ruine, for I'm sure,
The patient God much longer won't indure,
Ere he avenge the cause of his dear Son,
For all the wrongs thou hast unto him done;
Those who would see more of thy cruelties,
Let them read my Son *Fox* his Histories.

BABYLON.

O why dost thou father Christs death on me?
This is a lie, all people plain may see
That I am free of this, all people know,
For who put him to death, the Scriptures show;
Don't charge his death on me, for I am clear,
But Hereticks fit were not to live here;
I therefore did such kill, and sweep away,
And so 'tis fit I should this present day;
For if to holy Church they won't be turn'd,
'Tis fit, in truth, that they should all be burn'd.

ZION.

That this is true, vile Whore, I'le prove it plain,
That thou hast my most blessed Jesus slain;
For if all precious Blood is found in thee,
That e'er was spilt by hands of cruelty,
It followeth then, by consequent most clear,
That thou hast shed the Blood of Christ, most dear:
The former's so; I shew'd it thee before,
Therefore 'tis true: be silent, say no more,
But stop thy mouth, for this I further see,
That many times he hath been slain by thee;
Under thy *Romish* pow'r, his Flesh did die,
In Spirit since thou didst him crucifie:
And what thou hast unto God's Servants done,
He takes as if thou didst it to his Son.

He also is the Head, they Members are
Of his own Body, whence it doth appear,
Thou hast tormented him in every part,
And hast oft-times pluckt out his very heart.
Thou hast Imprison'd, Scourged him also,
Ye burnt and hang'd, and starved him I know:
Can the dear body thus be put to pain,
And not the head the like sore grief sustain?
And more then this, to shew what thou hast done,
The Father, Son, and blessed Saints are one;
What ere therefore thou hast done unto me,
Thou hast it done unto the Trinity:
Who touch God's Saints, the apple of his eye
Do also touch; O dreadful tyrannie!
For men to persecute the Lord of Life,
And with the mighty God to be at strife!
When *Saul* afflicts the Saints, then Christ doth cry,
Saul, Saul, 'Tis me that thou dost crucifie.
This is the reason of thy wicked spight
Thou bear'st unto the blessed Saints of Light;
It is, because that they do testifie
Against thy Whoredoms and Adultery.
As they are men, thou dost not persecute,
But 'tis because they won't God's Name pollute;
'Tis Christ in them, and them for his Name sake,
That thou dost hate, and such a spoil dost make;
But it is from the Lord, that they can't now
Unto thy whoredoms and thy falsehoods bow;
Revenge thy self on God, who is the cause
Why they contemn all thy invented Laws;
Let these alone, do not in mischiefs run,
For these, alas, what have these poor Lambs done?
Ye Persecutors all, mind well I pray,
The dreadful work you are about this day.
But I'le return, and talk with thee yet further
Who guilty art, most clear, of horrid murther;

And

And yet dost wipe thy mouth, and proudly say,
I innocent have been unto this day,
And am in truth Christs holy Church, I know
His love is such, there's none shall me o'rethrow.
But to confute thy lies and insolence,
And stand in Truths and blessed Saints defence;
No other Arguments need I to bring,
For to disprove thee in this very thing;
For 'tis most clear, by all this horrid evil,
That thou vile Whore, art of and from the Devil;
Thou art no Church of Christ, he doth thee hate,
And with his Soul doth thee abominate;
Christ's Church his Members never did annoy,
Nor persecute, and millions thus destroy.
To blind mens eyes, thou hast thy former tricks,
To tell the World that they are Hereticks;
But after that way thou call'st Heresie,
That God they worship, whom thou dost defie.'
And here vile Worm, dost thou think to contend
With God the Lord, whom thou dost thus offend?
Or thinkest thou he hath quite passed by,
All thy vile acts and cruel tyrannie?
Dost think he won't fulfil his holy Word,
And in his fury draw his glittering Sword?
Dost thou not at his presence fear and quake,
Who with a frown will make all Nations shake?
Dost think that man can save thee from his stroke,
That thou go'st on, and still dost him provoke?
Dost think, because he hath spar'd thee so long,
He'l ne'r avenge on thee my grievous wrong?
Or dost thou think the Pope, that Fiend of Hell,
Who 'bove all Gods, doth in God's Temple dwell,
Can save thee from that great and dreadful blow,
Which will produce thy utter overthrow?
Alas vile wretch, for all thy mighty strength,
There is no hope but down thou must at length.

What

What God reſolves to do, on Sea or Land,
No Beaſt, nor Devil, can the ſame withſtand.
As to the Pope, let me ſpeak in thy Ear,
His time is ſhort for to continue here;
For he that hath preſum'd Kings to depoſe,
Shall ſoon deſtroyed be by ſome of thoſe
Of whom he now not dreads, nor ſtands in fear;
The truth of this, ere long, will plain appear.
This is the Beaſt, that did from Hell aſcend,
And thither ſhall be caſt too in the end:
This, this is he that hath ſo often ſwell'd thee
With hopes, and hath unto this day upheld thee;
For his falſe Pardons, and uncivil power,
Incourag'd thee my Children to devour.
Though his Foundation's laid as deep as Hell,
And doth in ſtrength abundantly excel
The greateſt Potentate, who heretofore
E'er ſwaid a Scepter; nay, I add much more;
Though he himſelf doth greatly magnifie,
Above the bleſſed Stars that are on high,
Yet he ſhall fall, and never riſe again:
Thy hopes thou haſt of him is therefore vain;
He is condemn'd, the Sentence that is gone,
His day of execution doth come on;
And to be ſhort, I fear thee not at all,
Do now thy worſt, you both together ſhall
Drink of one Cup, with all thy lovers too,
For thou ſhalt ſurely know what God can do.
Thy Magpy-Merchants then ſhall cry and howl,
And mournfully thy ruine thus condole.
Alas; alas, this City great and fair,
Sumptuous and very brave, beyond compare;
How in a moment are her judgments come,
Her fall, her ruine, and her final doom:
Our Trade is gone, and all our Merchandize,
And ah! there's none pitties our grievous cries.

Alas,

Alas, alas, we all are quite undone,
What ſhall we do, or whither ſhall we run?
O that the Mountains, and the Hills would cover
Us, till the vengeance of the Lord be over!
But to conclude, all people, this I ſay,
From *Babylon* ſee that you haſte away;
For if you don't, then you too late will mourn,
And curſe the day that ever you were born.
Like as the Hee-Goat doth before the Flock,
So haſte away, and fly to Chriſt your Rock:
For if you follow her, then I am ſure,
You will deſtruction to your Souls procure;
For you like Oxen to the Slaughter go,
Though like a Bird inſnar'd, you do not know
The danger you are in, and what 'twill coſt,
Till Soul, and Body, Life and all is loſt;
Many Sh'as wounded, and has ſtrong men ſlain;
Let all Gods Saints then, from her wayes refrain:
Her wayes do lead unto the depths of Hell,
Who follows her, ſhall with the Devils dwell.

The Authors Request.

I.

SOme things, great God, my Soul doth long to
Before these mortal days of mine be o'er, (have,
Which things, Lord of thee I do humbly crave,
Before I go from hence and be no more;
Until which things, O Lord, I do obtain,
I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain.

II.

Alas, my sorrows they do greatly double;
O that thou wouldst be pleas'd to hear me Lord,
So should my Soul thereby be freed from trouble,
If that these things to me thou wouldst afford;
Until, O Lord, thou grants me my requist,
I can't give o'er, nor give thee any rest.

III.

'Tis not for riches of this wicked world,
Nor for vain honour, Lord that I do cry;
They with a puff alas, oft-times are hurl'd,
They get them wings and quite away do fly;
These things I know, dear God, uncertain be,
I ask them not, some better things I see.

IV.

Nor are they earthly momentary pleasures
For which, great God, I come now unto thee,
But it is for thy everlasting Treasures,
Which now I seek and beg, O Lord, for me;
Can Riches, Honours, Pleasures to me give,
The things that I do want whilst here I live?

V. No

V.

No, no, O Lord, the things I ask of thee
More precious are; the first that I shall urge,
Thy blessed presence, Lord, give unto me;
My heart from sin, Lord, also do thou purge.
These are the things, in part, for which I cry,
Lord, grant me this before I come to die.

VI.

Thy presence is more sweet unto my heart
Then Hony, or the Hony-Comb, indeed;
And I will chuse, O Lord, the better part,
From sin therefore, O let my Soul be freed;
And I thy holy Name shall magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

VII.

Let thy good Spirit ever be my guide,
And in thy house for ever let me dwell;
And from thy Truths, Lord, never let me slide,
Nor find my Conscience to be like a Hell.
And I thy Name, Lord, evermore shall praise,
And happy be, when ended are my daies.

VIII.

And whatsoever, Lord, my state is here,
Let me therein alwayes be well content;
When I in trouble am, Lord, then be nere,
And from me never do thy self absent;
And then; O Lord, I never more will fear;
What e'er I suffer for thy Name-sake dear.

IX.

Teach me alwayes, O Lord, that heavenly skill,
My dayes to number, as thy Saints have done;

And

And ever let me yeeld unto thy Will,
And wait on thee until my Glass is run;
So shall I then thy holy Name adore,
And sound thy praise, O Lord my God, therefore.

X.

Lord, bridle thou my tongue, and make me see
How few my dayes are, O how short their length!
Incline my heart alwayes to trust in thee;
Remove thy Scourge, O Lord, or give me strength:
Be thou my Way, my Strength, my Truth, my Light,
So shall I learn to live and die upright.

XI.

When, Lord, I hungry am, be thou my Meat;
When I in darkness am, be light to me;
And when I weary am, Lord, be my Seat;
And when in Prison, do thou set me free:
And I thy Name, O Lord, will glorifie,
And walk in thankfulness until I die.

XII.

In time of wrath, O Lord, and fury great,
Be unto me a Fence, and Tower strong;
And let me to thy blessed Name retreat,
Till thou avenged art for all the wrong
That wicked men, O Lord, have done to me,
And unto all, dear God, that do love thee.

XIII.

Let me, with patience, run that blessed race,
And from my weights which grievious have bin;
Lord set me free, that I may run apace,
And the immortal Crown, the prize, may win:
Grant me thy fear, O Lord, guard well my Path,
O give me patience, and with patience, Faith.

XIV. Make

XIV.

Make thy dear Saints, great God, all of one heart,
Let their divisions end also by thee,
Let them unite again, and never part
Whilst there is either Earth or Sea;
And then thy praises, Lord, I will declare,
For I shall then be freed from all my care.

XV.

Thy Saints, dear Lord, are many Members joyn'd
To make one body, whose blest Head thou art;
Let all thy Children, Lord, be of one mind,
Let this one Body, Lord, have but one heart;
Then shall I see indeed a blest increase,
Of *Zions* Glory, and of *Israels* Peace.

XVI.

Thy Children dear, O Lord, offended have,
Do thou in mercy all their sins pass by;
Have mercy, Lord, thy mercy do I crave,
That they may live thy name to magnifie;
And I thy mercy, Lord, will shew to all,
And warning take, lest that I also fall.

XVII.

Zion remember, Lord, in all her grief,
She mourns, she weeps, she cries, and is in pain;
Do thou in mercy send her such relief,
That she with cause may never more complain;
And then, O Lord, my sorrows will be o're,
And I thy praises, Lord, will sing therefore.

XVIII.

O'er all the world, now let thy Gospel spread;
All Popish enterprizes Lord prevent:

Le

Let Papists never here get any head;
As is their purpose, Lord, and full intent:
And then, I shall, O Lord, without all shame,
Ascribe the Glory to thy Holy Name.

XIX.

Lord, cast thine eyes upon those cruel Foes;
Prevent their purpose, who this day combine
Against thy Flock, O God, that thou hast chose;
Do thou make them like Chaff before the wind;
Preserve thy Heritage out of their hand,
Establish Truth and Peace, Lord, in the Land.

XX.

O thou, great God, whose Judgements are severe,
Whose Mercies too are full of sweet compassion;
Do thou, Lord, scourge thy Foes both far and near,
And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;
And I will spend the remnant of my dayes
In Psalms of thanks to thee, and Songs of praise.

XXI.

Make haste, great God, to judge the bloody Whore;
Thy Righteous Judgements do thou execute;
O let her fall, and never rise no more,
Lord, don't deny me this my earnest Suit:
But let me see her down before I die,
That I thy Name therefore may magnifie.

XXII.

Establish, Lord, the Kingdom of the Just;
O let thy Son, upon his blessed Throne,
Destroy the Kingdom, Lord, of the vile Beast;
Let Christ, his foes to conquer, now go on,
That in the heights of *Zion* I may sing,
Hosanna, in the highest, to my King.

XXIII.

What thou, O Lord, hast unto *Zion* told,
Of blessings that thou hast for her in store;
Those things, great God, O let my eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more,
No more, dear God, I mean, as now am I,
For I shall live to all eternity.

XXIV.

There's one thing more, O Lord, I beg for me,
Let me alwayes be well prepar'd to die;
And this do I, Lord, also crave of thee,
To reign with Christ to all eternity.
And then, great God, when this short life is o'er,
With Angels I will sing for evermore.

XXV.

What ever of my Sute thou dost deny,
Grant me true Faith, let me alwayes believe,
That through Christs death, when ere I come to die,
A Paradise from thee I shall receive.
O grant, dear God, to me this one request,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest.
For having thee, O Lord, I all things have,
And having thee, there's nothing more I crave.

An Alarm to the Wise and foolish Virgins.

I.

ALL you that fear
The Lord, give ear
To what I do indite,
There is a cry,
The Bridegroom's nigh,
'Tis now about midnight.

II.

Awake, awake,
Your Lamps to take,
And longer do not slumber;
Them do you trim,
To tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all,
To you I call;

What Oyl have you in store?
If you have none,
You are undone,
Look to it now therefore.

IV.

Watch you alway,
Our Lord doth say,
None knows the day nor hour;
Watch carefully,
For now it's nigh,
The day of his great pow'r.

V.

Wherefore arise,
Open your eyes,
The Day-Star doth appear;
Rise from your Bed,
Lift up your head,
Redemption now draws near.

VI.

All who are wise,
Their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord;
To them he will
His Word fulfil,
His presence to afford.

VII.

But fools do haste,
Their time to waste,
In sleep and slothfulness;
Yet they do dream,
I do presume,
Of glory ne'ertheless.

VIII.

But they indeed,
On fancies feed;
'Twill come to such an ebb,
That they shall see,
Their hopes will be,
Like to the Spiders Web.

IX.

They still do keep
Themselves asleep,
And know not where they be;
Were they awake,
How would they quake;
Their woful state to see.

X.

You who remain,

In a cold formal state;
And all the while,
Have got no Oyl;
You'l mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profess,
And not possess,
The Truth in Life and Pow'r;
Your state is bad,
And will be sad,
Before this day is o'er.

XII.

What is the shell
To the kernel,
Or Chaff unto the Wheat?
You husks do take,
And do forsake
Your Souls most precious meat.

XIII.

'Tis the last day;
O, therefore pray,
And faithful now abide,
Unto the Lord,
With one accord,
And be on the Lambs side.

XIV.

And have a care,
You do not dare,
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do,
Then also know,
With her you shall be slain.

XV.

Come, come away,
Without delay,
With all speed and indevour;
Her end is come,
Her fatal doom;
Your Souls therefore deliver.

XVI.

You now do hear,
Her ruin's near;
Your sins therefore forsake;
And you'l prevent,
Great punishment,
Of which she must pertake.

XVII.

All her pleasures,
And rich treasures,

Abhor as a great evil;
Gods Word doth show,
Who love them do,
Shall go unto the Devil.

XVIII.

Do you remove,
Your Souls, dear Love,
From Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath bin,
Your very sin;
Now cast it therefore off.

XIX.

On things above,
Set you your love,
Affections and desire;
These things below,
God will o'erthrow,
With his consuming fire.

XX.

Alas, poor Souls,
Be not such fools,
To labour for the Wind;
The Wealth you heap,
You shall not keep,
'Tis true, ere long you'l find.

XXI.

XXI.

Do you not rest
On self-int'rest,
But wholly for the Lord;
For he'l at last,
You surely blast,
According to his Word.

XXII.

There are some men,
Cry Lord, When, when,
Wilt thou in Glory come?
Who will repent,
And then relent,
They pray'd for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

For it will be,
They then shall see,
As when on scapes a Bear;
That being gone,
Comes a Lyon,
Doth him in pieces tear.

XXIV.

Subdue your sin,
For it hath bin,

Your chiefest Enemy;
I say, again,
Let it not reign,
Throughly it crucifie.

XXV.

For in this Land,
There's none shall stand,
And happy be indeed,
But onely those,
Whom God hath chose,
Who on Christ Jesus feed.

XXVI.

Continually,
O, therefore cry,
For Christ and precious Grace;
That with his blest,
You all may rest,
When you have run your race.

XXVII.

And the Bridegroom,
When he doth come,
He will you entertain;
And you shall then,
Be happy men,
And with him ever reign.

XXVIII.

Yea, glorioufly,
In majeſty,
Your honour ſhall excel;
Here will I end,
Who am your Friend,
And bid you all farewell.

A POSTSCRIPT:

Or, an After-Word to

ENGLAND.

TO thee, O Land, this after-word I write,
Which doth love darkneſs, and abhor the light;
I finiſh can't this Work, until that I,
Againſt thy wickedneſs do teſtifie;
And do pronounce the Righteous Gods decree,
Which will with vengeance executed be
In a ſhort time; and that becauſe thou haſt,
Let Zion, like a barren Field, lie waſte:
She hath bin trod upon in great diſdain,
And yet from thee no comfort could obtain;

Thou

Thou hast not succour'd her in great distress,
Nor helped her, though in the Wilderness:
She, as a stranger, fain would sojourn here,
But thou not willing art, as doth appear,
Her to imbrace; no nor the Gospel neither,
But fain thou would'st be rid of them together.
Alas, thou sinful Nation, most unwise,
That hates thy friends, and loves thy enemies;
What wilt thou do over a little space?
I much lament thy sad and heavy case;
Thy sins more vile then Sodoms *doth abound:*
Some Righteous ones, indeed, in thee are found,
Or else, before this time, I fully know,
God had, like Sodom, *wrought thy overthrow.*
God hath with great compassion born with thee,
But yet thou art as vile; this I do see:
Judgements therefore already are begun,
And God will make thee bow ere he has done;
He'l break thy heart, and make thee for to cry,
Lord, I have sin'd, thy Name I glorifie.
God hath begun to make thy people few,
And made them know, that they are like the dew,
Which early passeth, when the Sun doth rise,
Or like the Shadow which so swiftly flies.
The glory of thy City God hath stain'd,
Which like a Queen so long a time hath reign'd.
But yet, the worst, O England, *is behind;*
Alas, these judgements I do clearly find,

Have

Have made thee worser then thou wert before;
Instead of healing, they have made thy sore
Appear so dangerous, that I do see,
There is no help, nor cure now for thee.
Wo, wo, unto all people high and low,
My Soul doth mourn and bleed, because I know
The day of vengeance doth draw very near,
Wherein all people shall cry out with fear;
They then will weep, and bitterly will mourn,
And curse the day that ever they were born
To see such dayes, the which will surely come,
Which will be like, though not the day of doom.
Thou wilt repent that ere thou didst provoke
The Righteous God; for why, his dreadful stroke
Will be so sore, that some will seek to die;
But Death, alas, from them away will fly;
While others they their bitter dayes shall end,
A just reward, from God, whom they offend.
Some now there be alive, which shall behold,
The dreadful things which to thee have bin told,
With Nineveh, *therefore, with speed repent,*
If happily thou mayst Gods Wrath prevent;
Which otherwise will come on thee, O Land,
Before which Wrath, alas, no flesh can stand.
Cease to do evil, I do thee advise,
Learn to do well, I do thee advertise;
Break of all yoaks, set the oppressed free,
And labour for a Christian Liberty.

The Pope, that Hellish Beast, do thou withstand,
And all who ready are at his command,
To yeeld unto that wicked bloody Whore,
Who thinks to have the day again once more;
Do thou in time their purpose frusterate,
Who enemies are both to Prince and State.
Yeeld thou obedience unto God and King,
Rebellion is a vile and cursed thing;
Which I exhort thee to defie and hate,
And utterly for to abominate:
For like the sin of witch-craft, 'tis I know,
And those that guilty are God will o'erthrow.
If thou this counsel take, I dare not say,
But God may turn his furious wrath away;
And thou mayst notwithstanding at the length,
Shine forth in glory and in perfect strength.

FINIS.